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THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

TOWN OF NORTHBOROUGH, MASS.,

AUGUST 22, 1866.

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE.

1866.

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The centennial celebration of the town of Northborough, Mass., August 22, 1866. [Northborough] Printed for the Committee, 1866.

47, [1] p. 23cm.

Address by Joseph Allen.

1. Northborough, Mass.—Hist. I. Allen, Joseph, 1790–1873. II. Title.

1-11548

Library of Congress F74.N9N9

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ADDRESS.

By Rev. Joseph Allen, D. D., of Northborough.

In the beautiful month of June, in the year of our Lord 1636, might have been seen from the hills in the southeast part of this town a strange phenomenon. It was a company of men, women and children—one hundred in all—driving before them a herd of cattle, one hundred and sixty in number, which supplied them with milk on their long and toilsome pilgrimage. "They hewed their difficult way," says the historian (J. S. Palfrey), "through thickets; and their simple engineering bridged with felled trees the streams which could not be forded. Tents and wagons protected them from the rain and sheltered their sleep. Early berries, which grew along the way, furnished an agreeable variety in their diet; and the fragrance of Summer flowers and the songs of innumerable birds beguiled the weariness of the pilgrimage. It occupied a fortnight, though the distance was scarcely a hundred miles. Mrs. Hooker, by reason of illness, was carried in a horse litter."

This Mrs. Hooker was the minister's wife, and this goodly company was composed of members of his congregation in Newtown, now Cambridge, and of the neighboring churches of Dorchester and Watertown, and their destination was the fertile banks of the Connecticut, where they laid the foundations of three flourishing towns—Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor; at first named from the towns they had left, Newtown, Watertown, and Dorchester.

An aged citizen of this town, forty years ago, pointed out to me what, in the old records, is spoken of as "the Nepmuch road, that formerly led toward Connecticoat." It passed through the southeast corner of this town, over Rock Hill, by the dwelling-house of Samuel Seaver and the State Reform School, through

Westborough and Hassanamesitt, now Grafton, and so on to the place of their destination.

A smaller company had preceded them in the autumn of 1635, and had probably taken the same route. These two companies of emigrants were the first of English descent who set foot on soil included within the boundaries of this town. From Rock Hill and the beautiful heights on which stands the State Institution in our neighborhood, they looked down upon Great and Little Chauncey, and pathless forests, which have since been reclaimed and are now converted into cultivated farms. They may have had glimpses of the stream, dignified by the name of a river, the Indian name being still retained, that winds its way through our pleasant village, which, with its tributaries, now furnishes water-power to mills and factories of different kinds. They must have had a full view of what is justly regarded as one of the chief ornaments of the village—the hill, that rises so gracefully and stands so majestically before us, worthy of the new name by which it is now known, and destined, we trust, as the village grows in size and wealth, to receive the embellishments of enterprise and taste.

The great landmarks remain. The hills and valleys and streams are the same, in their main features, as when looked upon for the first time by civilized men, two hundred and thirty years ago. All else how changed! The tide of emigration advanced steadily from the settlements on the borders of the sea. From Watertown to Concord and Sudbury the way was not long or difficult, and the extensive meadows bordering the streams that then flowed unobstructed by mill-dams through those towns into the Merrimac, held out strong attractions to the new settler. Sudbury was incorporated in 1638, only two years after the emigration of the band of pilgrims to the banks of the Connecticut, of which I have spoken. The town increased and flourished for eighteen years, before another remove was undertaken. At length, in May, 1656, two hundred and ten years ago, the following petition was presented to the General Court, in more respectful terms than are used in these *degenerate* days:

"The humble petition of several of the Inhabitants of Sudbury, whose names are hereunder written, humbly sheweth: that whereas your petitioners have lived divers years in Sud-

bury and God has been pleased to increase our children, which are now divers of them grown to man's estate, and wee, many of us, grown into years, so as that wee should be glad to see them settled before the Lord take us away from hence, as also God having given us some considerable quantity of cattle, so that wee are so straitened that wee cannot so comfortably submit as could be desired; and some of us having taken some pains to view the country, wee have found a place which lyeth Westward about eight miles from Sudbury, which wee conceive might be comfortable for our subsistence.

"It is therefore the humble request of your petitioners to this kind Court, that you would bee pleased to grant unto us eight miles square, for to make a plantation.

"If it shall please this Hon'd Court to grant our petition, it is further than [then] the request of your petitioners to this Hon'd Court, that you will be pleased to appoint Mr. THOMAS DANFORTH or Lieut. FISHER to lay out the bounds of the plantation, and wee shall satisfy those whom the Hon'd Court shall please to employ in it. So apprehending this weighty occasion, wee shall no further trouble this Hon'd Court, but shall ever pray for your happyness."

Of the thirteen persons whose names are subscribed to this petition, one, at least, THOMAS GOODENOW, subsequently lived within the borders of this town, and several others have descendants still living among us.

The petition was granted; a Committee was appointed to fix the boundaries of a plantation "six miles or otherwise," the record states, which, however, was to be forfeited unless "there be a town settled with twenty or more families within three years, so as an able ministry may bee there maintained."

The plantation of six miles square included, besides Marlborough proper, most of the territory comprising the towns of Westborough, Southborough, Northborough, and the new town of Hudson.

Till its incorporation in 1660, the plantation was known by the name of *Whipsuppenicke*, as the Indian plantation of six thousand acres adjoining on the northeastern border was called *Ockoocangansett*. This plantation, with several other tracts of land on the northern and western borders, was afterwards annexed to the original grant of six miles square.

In the meantime, "several families," as stated in the history of Marlborough, had settled, at an early day, west of Assabet and

near Chauncey pond, and had done so with an assurance, given as early as 1688, that they should be erected into a parish as soon as they were able to support a minister: and the people of Marlborough, in the spirit of liberality, had designated the line for division "at the cartway at Stirrup brook, where the Connecticutt way now goeth, and to run a parallel line with the west line of the bounds of the town."

As early as 1660, *Cold Harbor Meadow* had received its name and had been laid out in thirty-four lots, which was probably the number of the proprietors of Marlborough plantation; and in 1672 grants of land were made to SAMUEL GOODENOW, JOHN and SAMUEL BRIGHAM, and JOHN REDIAT, all within the bounds of this town. SAMUEL GOODENOW'S grant comprised the farms of the late Deacon JONAS BARTLETT and GILL BARTLETT on the Marlborough road. The tragical fate of his daughter MARY, and the almost miraculous escape of her companion, Mrs. MARY FAY, when overtaken by a band of ruthless savages, are too well known to require further notice. The grave of Miss GOODENOW still remains without a monument, and may soon become obliterated and unknown.

JOHN REDIAT'S daughter, MEHITABEL, was married to NATHANIEL OAKES, who inherited his estate, and who lived on what is known as the *Old Parsonage*, having been in possession successively of the first two ministers of this town, JOHN MARTYN and PETER WHITNEY.

HANNAH, a daughter of NATHANIEL OAKES, was married to GERSHOM FAY, Jr., and was the mother of the late THAD. FAY, whom some of us remember as a *nonagenarian* nearly half a century ago.

SAMUEL BRIGHAM lived on the farm east of the Great Chauncey, now belonging to the State Reform School, and was the ancestor of the late DR. SAMUEL BRIGHAM of Marlborough. His brother THOMAS lived in the westerly part of Marlborough.

Another brother, JOHN, received a grant of land in this same year, 1662, on what is called in the old records "Licor Meadow Plain," so called, I suppose, from its vicinity to the hill which was already known by the familiar name of *Liquor Hill*, now *Mt. Assabet*. Mr. BRIGHAM is understood to have been the first

settler in that part of Marlborough which forms the two towns of Westborough and Northborough. He built a log cabin, and set up a saw-mill on Howard brook, which, from that time, has been used as a mill-site, and where can be seen, or could a few years since, the remains of the cellar where JOHN BRIGHAM'S cabin once stood. Here he lived for many years a solitary life, until fear of the savages forced him to leave; soon after which, the cabin was burnt to the ground. His daughter MARY was married to GERSHOM FAY, Sr., grandfather of the late NAHUM FAY, Esq., who lived on the "Coram Farm," as it was called, some fifty rods this side of the west school-house. A large elm tree, growing in the cellar, marks the spot where once stood the house of GERSHOM FAY, the father of a large family, many of whose descendants are still with us, and whose farm, with subsequent additions, still remains in the possession of his descendants.

Among the first settlers of Northborough was SIMEON HOWARD, whose house stood a few rods west of this church, where the remains of the cellar are yet visible, and whose land extended on the north to the brook which is called by his name, and on the east to the road leading to the saw-mill. It formed the northern boundary of the meeting-house common, a triangular piece of land, consisting of two or three acres, given by JAMES EAGER, another of the first settlers, who lived on the spot now occupied by the dwelling-house of J. H. MCINTIRE.

Another of the early settlers was WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, who, with his father ADAM, lived on the spot where stands the dwelling-house of GEORGE H. WILLIAMS. One of the daughters, MARY, was married to JONATHAN BARTLETT, and was living at the time of my settlement in this place. She died in 1821, at the age of 95. I recall, with pleasure, a social party at my house, consisting of ten or twelve of the more aged persons of my parish, at which were present, among others, Madam BARTLETT and Madam WHITNEY, the widow of my respected predecessor in the ministry.

HEZEKIAH TOMLIN lived on Tomlin Hill; his brother ISAAC, on the spot now occupied by the dwelling-house of GEORGE C. DAVIS, Esq.

The first house on what was called "the new Connecticut road," now the stage road that leads from Marlborough to Worcester, west of SAMUEL GOODENOW'S farm, was built by Capt. JAMES EAGER on the northwest side of Mt. Assabet, a part of which was standing a few years since.

In the early part of the last century, four or five farms were taken up by emigrants from Watertown, in the northwest corner of this town, the hill receiving its designation from two brothers, JAMES and NATHAN BALL. Their companions and neighbors were Deacon JONATHAN LIVERMORE, whose first wife was ABIGAIL, sister of the BALLS, and JOSEPH WHEELER, the former on the extreme borders of the town, the latter on the southern declivity of the hill, where an excavation in the earth marks the spot where the house stood.

Early in the eighteenth century EPHRAIM ALLEN came from Roxbury, purchased a farm and erected the first grist-mill in this town, on the Assabet road, near the old factory, and which remained in the possession of his descendants till within the last few years.

In 1717, the whole of the western part of Marlborough was incorporated under the name of Westborough, and in 1744, October 20th, the northern part of the new town was set off as a separate Precinct, which, till its incorporation in 1766, bore the name of *The Second Precinct of Westborough.* Previous to the year 1717, the whole tract went by the name of Chauncey or Chauncey Village, so named from President CHAUNCEY, of Harvard College, who had lands assigned him by the General Court on the borders of Great Chauncey Pond, perhaps, in part, the same that is now owned by the State, on which the State Reform School stands.

In 1746, a church was organized in the North Precinct and Rev. JOHN MARTYN ordained; the church consisting of ten male members, besides the minister; events commemorated by a public celebration twenty years ago.

Twenty years from this date brings us to 1766, when, on the 24th of January, the North Precinct was incorporated as a *District* and received the name which it now bears. It did not

attain to the dignity and title of a *Town* till the commencement of the Revolutionary War, in 1775.

The year 1866, is, then, the Centennial of its incorporation, and, as was meet, we, the present citizens of the town, with others from abroad, who have been drawn hither by their affection for the place of their nativity or former residence, to whom we tender our friendly greetings and our hospitable welcome, are gathered together on this time-hallowed spot to commemorate with appropriate services the act which gave a corporate existence to this town.

A century of years! How long a period when contrasted with the brevity of human life! And yet how brief, measured by the length of God's eternal year!

One hundred years! The last one hundred years! What changes have they wrought or witnessed in the fields and forests, and especially in those who have tilled these fields and subdued these forests, and built houses and inhabited them; who have married and been given in marriage; who have come upon the stage, acted their several parts and passed off to make way for other actors. Time would fail me, and your patience would be exhausted, should I undertake to recount them. To some of them our attention may be invited by our friends, who, gifted with wit and wisdom, and a ready utterance, shall address us in measured verse or plain prose before we leave these seats.

A few of the more important facts and occurrences connected with our local history, for the last one hundred years, I must not pass over in silence. And first, in regard to the longevity of the inhabitants of this town and the healthiness of this locality. From the year 1780, when the Parish Records were destroyed by fire, till the commencement of my ministry in 1816, thirty-six years—

59 persons died between the ages of	70 and 80
38 " " " " " "	80 and 90
14 " " " " " "	90 and 100

One, Deacon Livermore, having passed his hundredth year, (100 yrs. 7 m.)

During my ministry, between the years 1816 and 1866, fifty years—

150 persons have died between	70 and 80
84 " " " "	80 and 90
22 " " " "	90 and 100

Total since 1780—

209 persons have died between	.....	70 and 80
122 " " " "	.....	80 and 90
36 " " " "	.....	90 and 100

Or, 367 in all, who in the compass of eighty-six years completed the period of three score years and ten, and this in a population that has varied from 800 to 1650; and there are now living amongst us about fifty persons 70 years and upwards. I leave this statement without comment, for it needs none; it speaks for itself.

Northborough has, moreover, an honorable record in matters appertaining to *Education*. The beginnings were indeed small, and it was "the day of small things." The appropriation that was made the second year of the corporate existence of Northborough (1767) was £11, equal to $36.66.6, which was gradually increased, till in 1776 it amounted to £20=$66.66.6. The following year, notwithstanding the war in which we were engaged with the mother country, the amount raised for the support of schools was doubled, equal to $133.33.3.

In 1770, the District was divided into four *Squadrons*, as they were called, and in 1780, the town granted £4000 in a greatly reduced currency, amounting in hard money to only $175.00, to build four school-houses, to which an additional grant of $367.00 was afterwards made, amounting in silver or gold to $542, or $135.50 for each. Now for the contrast: Last April the town granted $1500 to build a new school-house for a single district; $1000 to renovate and refurnish another, besides $600 to change the town hall into a school-room, while they increased the appropriation for the support of schools from $1200 to $2100.

There are, moreover, but few towns in the Commonwealth which, according to the population, have furnished more or better teachers for our own and other schools than the small town of Northborough. One of our aged citizens, himself a teacher, has furnished me with a list of *his schoolmates*, who afterwards became teachers. It contains fifty-two names, most of whom—all but seventeen—obtained their school education, as I am informed, *wholly* in our district schools. Some of these became eminent in their profession, and are remembered with gratitude and affection by those who were trained under their care.

The same person has, moreover, the names of over one hundred and forty persons, male and female, natives or residents of this town, educated chiefly in our public schools, who, since the commencement of the present century, have found employment as teachers in this or in other places, of whom nearly fifty belonged to a single district. *The North District* is entitled to that honor. The number who have graduated at our State Normal Schools exceeds thirty; seventeen of whom were connected with the school at Bridgewater.

Of this noble army of teachers, some continued long in the service; some did not retire from the field till reminded, by the infirmities of age, that it was time to put off their armor and to give place to new recruits. NAHUM FAY, Esq., taught school in this, his native town, forty years; his sons, DEXTER and JOHN FLAVEL, each more than half that term.

Of the VALENTINES, brothers, five in all, four made teaching their life employment and became eminent in their profession; and the children of more than one of them follow in the steps of their fathers. The Grammar School in Quincy was supplied with a succession of teachers from Northborough nearly half a century, twenty-eight years of which it was under the care of a teacher (WILLIAM SEAVER, Esq.) whose term of service in that and in other towns extended through forty-eight years.

The distinguished educator and scholar, JOHN ALLEN, who died in Philadelphia three years since, passed his early years in this town and was educated in our schools.

GEORGE and HENRY SHERMAN, who taught school many years in Greenville, S. C., were natives of this town.

Other teachers, of both sexes, might be named, whose services in the profession are worthy of record, but I forbear.

I must not, however, forget, or pass over in silence, "The Seminary," as it is called. As early as 1779, a number of the citizens of this town formed an association for instituting a school of a higher order, which was known by the name of *The Seminary;* of which GILLAM BASS was chosen first President and SAMUEL WOOD Clerk. The Committee consisting of HENRY GASCHETT, THADDEUS FAY and ABRAHAM MUNROE.

They made choice of JAMES HART for the teacher, who, according to a receipt in his handwriting, now in my possession, dated October 9, 1779, was paid £55-16s. for the month ending at that date. From another receipt, dated April 7, 1780, it appears that up to that time he had received in all £348-15s. for his services. This was of course in a depreciated currency, the amount of which in hard money I have not calculated. Mr. HART excelled in penmanship, as did many of those who enjoyed the benefit of his teaching. The Seminary, built by subscription in thirty-five shares, cost £96-16-3-3, of which ABRAHAM MUNROE paid the largest amount and THADDEUS FAY and HENRY GASCHETT the next highest.

Some here present attended school in the old Seminary, which stood on a part of the Meeting-house common, in front of the land owned by JOSEPH T. FAY.

Among the educational institutions of this town the *Northborough Lyceum* deserves a passing notice. It was among the earliest, if not the first, formed in this county, and continued in active operation for more than thirty years, beginning with the year 1828. It was, in fact, a Free High School, and by its lectures and debates did good service in the promotion of popular education.

A Public Town Library is still a *desideratum*, but we are happy to announce to our friends from abroad, whom we meet here to-day, that the want is likely soon to be supplied.

The number of persons belonging to this town who have received a collegiate education exceeds twenty.

The *patriotic record* of Northborough is one of which her citizens may justly be proud. In the war of the Revolution, she nobly took her stand on the side of liberty and independence. As early as March, 1773, it was "voted, as the opinion of this district, that it is the indispensable duty of all men and all bodies of men, to unite and strenuously oppose, by all lawful ways and means, such unjust and unrighteous encroachments, made or attempted to be made, upon their just rights; and that it is our duty earnestly to endeavor to hand those rights down inviolate to our posterity, as they were handed to us by our worthy ancestors."

As an illustration of the patriotic spirit which animated the young men of that day, let me relate the following anecdote, which appeared in the *Massachusetts Gazette* for February 17th, 1773:

"We hear from Shrewsbury, that one day last week, a pedlar was observed to go into a tavern there with a bag containing about 50 pounds of tea. Information of which being had at Northboro', about five miles distance, a number of Indians went from the Great Swamp [cedar swamp, I suppose,] or thereabouts, seized upon it and committed it to the flames, in the road facing said tavern, where it was entirely consumed."

These "Indians" were no doubt young men of Northborough, disguised as Indians, who took this method to show their opposition to the duty on tea imposed by the Parliament of Great Britain. It was the same year, Dec. 16, 1773, or ten months after this act of the Northborough young men, that three hundred chests of tea were thrown overboard in Boston harbor by a party of young men, also disguised as Indians, in violation indeed of the laws of the land, but justified and applauded by the spirit of the times, and that was the *Spirit of Liberty*. That spirit pervaded all ranks and all ages, and there were very few indeed of the inhabitants of this town who sided with tyranny and oppression, or who remained neutral in the great struggle for national independence.

And so it was in the recent contest between Freedom and Slavery, the results of which, if not all that could be desired, are more propitious than the most sanguine of us had dared to hope. No sooner had the walls of Sumpter been battered by rebel cannon, than our young men sprang to arms; and to every subsequent call for men, a response was given that was equally honorable to those who went and to those who furnished the supplies.

This small town of 1600 inhabitants sent into the field no fewer than 139 men, of whom twenty-one, or nearly one-sixth, returned no more to their beloved homes and kindred and friends. Oh, what a costly sacrifice! But they fell in a just and holy cause, and their names shall be inscribed on monumental marble as well as on grateful hearts.

Friends, we are spared to see this day and to rejoice in the brightening prospects of our beloved country, and in the growing prosperity of this home of our affections—this our native or our adopted home. We look around us and witness the improvements, the fruits of other men's labors, and in which we ourselves have shared. Thirty-eight years ago last April (April 18, 1828), these beautiful elms and maples were planted on our Common. We, the fathers and mothers, with our children, and the stranger who visits our pleasant village, rejoice in their beauty and revel in their shade.

Others, both of the living and the dead, have labored, and we have entered into their labors and partaken freely of their fruits. This is well and as it should be. It is so by the ordination of Providence. Only let those who have come, or who shall come, into possession of these pleasant hills and valleys—of these forests and orchards and cultivated fields—of these churches and schools, and these civil, social and domestic privileges, let them consider at how great a price they were purchased, and let them do for future generations what has been done for themselves.

In conclusion, I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, all who dwell within our borders, of whatever race or complexion; and you, our thrice-welcome guests, who, from near or more distant homes, have come to revisit the old homestead, the place of your birth or former residence—I congratulate you, one and all, whom the occasion has brought together on the arrival of this long-expected day. May it inaugurate a new era of good feeling, of generous forbearance, and of public spirit.

We have already entered on the second century of our corporate existence: its termination none of us will live to witness! When that day shall arrive, may it find this a united, prosperous, virtuous community.

POEM.

By T. W. Valentine, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

[NOTE.—The writer of the following lines does not claim to be a poet; and he deems it but justice to himself to say that they were hastily prepared, and with no view to their publication. But rather than to publish what was not read on this occasion, he prefers to give the original copy, with all its defects. Many of the points in it will not be understood by strangers to the town, but our limits will not permit extended notes of explanation.]

As ANCIENT Israel, at their leader's call,
Ceased from their journeyings, and assembled all,
Reviewed the past, or sought their future way,
First to JEHOVAH would their homage pay,—
So we, assembled on this hallowed spot
Near which is cast, or was, our earthly lot,—
Here, where, at first, we drew the vital breath,
And where, perhaps, may slumber after death—
Would first, with grateful hearts, unite to praise
Him who hath led us through our devious ways.
Not led, indeed, by ancient cloud and fire,
But by that love that keeps both son and sire;
The God that led our Fathers guides us yet,
And may we not his goodness e'er forget.

Gathered in this Centennial Meeting,
To give each other friendly greeting—
From North and South, from East and West,
To tread the soil we love the best—
What point shall first attention gain,
As thoughts come teeming from the brain?
What, make each mind with pleasure thrill,
And every heart with rapture fill?
Nay more, what *profit* can we gain,
Whether it give us joy or pain?
Shall it be *future*, *past*, or *present*,
To make this meeting good and pleasant?
I cannot tell which *best* may be,
And so shall safely take all three.
And, when you 've heard them, take your choice;
If *you* are suited, I 'll rejoice.

The Past!—How much that little word contains!
How much of pleasure, and how much of pains!
Of dear departed ones, upon whose biers
In days long gone we shed those bitter tears;
Or, joyous, met with young companions fond
To form the life-long matrimonial bond.
Ah, who has not within the memory stored
Such mingled scenes as pain and joy afford?
The playmates of our former years are gone,
While we are left to journey on alone.
The dear old homestead may remain here still,
But ah! what feelings must our bosoms fill
As we, each well-known landscape viewing o'er,
Can see so many dear ones here no more!
We grasp each other's hand in fond embrace,
But look in vain for many an absent face.
Yon silent grave-yards tell their tale of some
Who, long since, passed to their eternal home;
While others, scattered up and down the earth,
No longer tread the soil that gave them birth.
In ocean's mighty deep a few repose,*
And some have wandered, whither, no one knows.
A noble few will not forgotten be,
Who, filled with zeal for sacred Liberty,
When their imperilled country called for aid,
With their own lives the price of Freedom paid.
All honor to that faithful patriot band
Who gave up all to save their native land!
Their *monuments* may of their virtues tell,
And make their deeds to be remembered well;
But never, while fond memory holds its seat,
And we in joyous throngs each other greet,
In peaceful home, or gathered hosts relate
The scenes of other days, or celebrate,
As do we now, the deeds of former years,
Recount our mercies, perils, hopes and fears,
Adoring, praise that All-Protecting Hand
That still preserves our own beloved land,
Can we forget the gallant deeds of those
Whose ashes now in patriot graves repose.
We reap the gain for which *they* paid the price—
Ours the reward—but theirs the sacrifice.

But not alone the *recent* Past.
Still further back your vision cast.
Two hundred years have rolled around,
Since here the white man set his bound—

---

* Frederick W. Gale, Esq., a native of this town, and his family, were among the victims of the ill-fated *Arctic*, which was wrecked in mid-ocean, September 27, 1854.

Since BRIGHAM first his cabin started,
And from his former neighbors parted.
To this unbroken wilderness,
Unknown but to a savage race—
Which scarce had felt the white man's tracks,
Nor heard the sturdy woodman's axe—
Where hungry wolf and rattlesnake
Alone the forest silence brake—
Hither the Pioneer would come,
And make such dangerous wilds his home.
How different then from now the place
Where we his earlier footsteps trace.
No friendly voice, no curling smoke,
The helping neighbor then bespoke ;
No beaten path or well-trod road
Made easy course to each abode ;
No busy hum from turning mill,
No well-cleared fields, the barns to fill,
No welcome tavern's creaking sign,
No church, no stores, nor dwellings fine ;
In short, few things most highly prized
By those in regions civilized.

But years rolled on. By slow degrees
The pilgrims came, by spotted trees,
By weary walk, with chattels few,
And thus the little "Precinct" grew.
The savage foe with hatred burned,
But to the larger towns they turned.
No fearful conflicts here as there,
Though each at work must weapons bear,
One lonely grave alone remains *
To tell the tale of all their pains.
One *grave*—but ah, those anxious years!
And who can reckon all their fears?
We, here, in safety come and go ;
But of *their* dangers, who may know?

Yet settlers came, and children too ;
And thus, though yet a scattered few,
Our fathers thought it "time to rise
And build" a place for sacrifice.
For twenty years their feet had trod
A weary way to worship God.
A six miles' walk had tried their zeal,
And barefoot journeys made them feel.

---

*The grave of Miss MARY GOODENOW, who was killed by the Indians in 1707, is yet to be seen on the farm of WILLIAM A. BARTLETT. It is in contemplation to erect a suitable monument over the grave.

This beauteous spot was chosen, where
They raised a House for Praise and Prayer.
Raised it, indeed, and roofed it, too,
But not a window, floor, nor pew,
Nor gallery, nor pulpit even!—
Such was *their* place to fit for Heaven!
And yet our fathers worshipped here
In such a shell for one full year,
We, in these days, with all our pride,
Would such an airy place deride,
And, wanting windows, floor and steeple,
Think it enough to frighten people;
For, having neither doors nor locks,
It was but one huge MARTYN * box!

Yet here the first pastor was called to his task,
And proved himself all that his people could ask.
Of his doctrines or practice I would not make fun,
But *open communion* was certainly one!

And here, too, was gathered a church of but ten,—
(I speak not of women, but only the men,)
Too few of the righteous, perhaps you may say—
Had *Sodom* as many, she'd have stood till this day.

At the meeting-house raising, historians mention,
Rum and cider flowed freely, without much contention;
Which conclusively showeth, at least, to my mind,
That to *spiritual* things they were somewhat inclined.

And here, on the Common, the first school-house was raised;
For the teacher's own comfort, I hope *that* was glazed.
Being near to a wood-lot, and near to the church,
Showed the young they should fear both the Lord *and the birch!*

The time would quite fail me to note every fact,
Recall every incident, mention each act;
But some things look comical, done by the town,
And a few of them certainly must be *put down.*

For instance: when any outsider would come,
Intending to make in this village a home,
Before he had made any trouble or rout,
Straightway would the officers order him out!

A most curious way this to build up a town—
To meet each new comer with a "warning" and frown!
Yet such was the law then, and must be obeyed,
Through fear that a call for "support" would be made.

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* Rev. JOHN MARTYN, the first minister of Northboro', was ordained, and the church was organized in this house while in this unfinished condition. Six of the great-grand-children of Mr. MARTYN were present at the Centennial.

Again: in the Bible the people had read :
" *Woe unto you Lawyers !* " and thus they were led
To vote " that such nuisances be not employed,
And that the whole race should at once be destroyed ! " *

But enough : the Town Records might lead me to say
Some things quite improper, and get you astray.
Yet this I will hint : if you ever have leisure,
Go over those books and they'll give you much pleasure.

How greatly things have changed about since fifty years ago!
And this I'll prove beyond a doubt, and you will own, I know.
First, there's the church near which we meet : the same, yet, oh the change!
Each altered window, door and seat makes everything so strange!
That huge old pulpit, made to raise at least your *eyes* on high—
Those " singers'-seats " of former days, that almost reached the sky—
Those galleries, with their high, square pews, where, nicely hid from view,
We, roguish boys, oft raised the deuce, and then got " spoken to"—
Those " turn-up seats," which, during prayer, (*then* people were not lazy,
And every " sitter " caused a stare, for people thought him crazy!)—
Those seats, I say, with hinges made, in prayer-time raised up high—
And then came down, when all was said, like firing musketry!—
Those square old " sheep-pens " round the wall, though made for human creatures,
Planned for politeness not at all, with *backs upon the preachers*—
Those blindless windows, where the sun poured in on saint and sinner—
Enough to *melt down* any one, or even cook your dinner—
(The only heat the building had—in winter months most grateful—
But, for the eye-sight, always bad, and altogether hateful)—
These all are gone, and but two things remind us, absent people,
Of scenes to which fond Memory clings : the *Pastor*, and *the steeple!*
To this old church we almost need to ask new " introduction,"
For, like some States, it's had, indeed, a general " reconstruction."

The Common, too, where once we played, is altered since those days ;
Then, not a tree gave grateful shade, or stopped the scorching rays.
The river, where, with crooked pin, we oft the " shiners " fed,
Seems now to have *retired* within a very narrow *bed!*
It was but seldom that we caught a very heavy mess ;
We've *fished for shiners* since, but not with any great success.
Perhaps the good we *thought* we wished has been too often shammed ;
Perhaps the streams in which we fished have been too often *dammed!*

Old " Liquor Hill " remains the same—the Pisgah of our youth—
Though she has changed her *christened* name to tell the *sober* truth.
There we were wont to slide down hill, or " view the landscape o'er,"
Or, sly, with nuts our baskets fill to keep for winter's store.

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* This allusion to the Town Records requires an explanation. In the year 1787, the town instructed its Delegate to use his influence against the employment of all Lawyers, and declared them to be " nuisances which ought at once and forever to be annihilated." It is a curious fact that as many as *twelve* of the descendants of that Delegate (Dea. ISAAC DAVIS,) have been Lawyers !

That well-known tavern where you "tripped the light, fantastic toe"—
And where, I fear, too many sipped a little *toddy* too—
That now is gone, and, as I hear, (I scarce believe the tale),
Quite strangely did it disappear—it went off by a *Gale!*
The *spirit of the times* is seen by such a *move*-ment queer:
A tavern that had *service* done is sentenced *to the rear!*

The old red school-house where we went to "choose our sides" for spelling—
Where we, for years, were always sent—is altered to a dwelling.
Those were the days that tried our *soles*, because we *barefoot* came,
And busy hands made famous holes that brought the schoolma'am's blame.
The dear old place! we sharpened there our jack-knives and our wits—
Made fly-traps, plagued the girls, and where the master gave us *fits!*

The houses—these are altered, too, with large square rooms, low studded;
With floors that paint nor carpet new, and yet were never *muddied.*
The huge old fire-place with its blaze—the "settle" by its side,
Where matrons sat by cheering rays, and busy needles plied—
Where chestnuts, cider, apples passed, and merry tales were told;
Where each would give his bargain last, or future plans unfold;—
The high brass clock—the square-topped "shay"—the saddle-bags and pillions—
These all, and more, have passed away, unknown to present millions.
No stoves, no coal, no matches then, (except those made in Heaven!)
At twenty-one the boys were men, and not at six or seven!
No gas, with fixtures curious queried, nor oil but what was *shipped;*
Candles were then "the light of the world"—they certainly were *dipped!*
Pianos were a thing unknown, but spinning-wheels were not;
The girls could make a shirt alone, and watch the dinner-pot!
No engine then its whistle blew—no Bank, but one of *sand;*
No railroad trains came flying through—there were none in the land.
No shoe-shops, but for "custom make"—no schools of "moral suasion"—
No trinket-shop your cash to take—no combs, and *no occasion!*—
But I must pass, for present things claim some attention now;
And yet, how strangely memory clings to "*forty years ago!*"
We're told; "Call not the former days more excellent than these."
Yet back we sometimes fondly gaze, and well the visions please.

The PRESENT is all that is properly ours,
The PAST, no regret can avail,
The FUTURE's beyond us, whatever our powers;
But the PRESENT, we always may hail.

That our blessings are greater than ever before,
None here will presume to deny;
For these we must answer, or ever deplore,
And reflection will surely show why.

If we, like Capernaum, fail to improve
The favors which Heaven bestows,
Or do not appreciate the gifts of His love,
Those blessings will prove but our woes.

We laugh at the ways and the customs of old,
And pity that primitive state;
But forget that, hereafter, our children, as bold,
Will laugh at our follies as great.

We are *somebody's* ancestors, and, before long,
That somebody 'll make us their game;
And talk of our weakness in prose or in song,
Just as now we are doing the same.

At the monstrous big bonnets our grandmothers wore,
And their short-waisted dresses, we laugh;
But the belles of the present—what *head* ever bore
Such a little collection of—*chaff!*

We wonder at "top-knots," that once were in vogue,
But *Niagara* now is outdone,
For a "waterfall" often bewitches some rogue,
And off to get married they *run!*

No age was e'er wanting in fops and in flirts,
And the race is quite numerous still;
But in what generation so flourished *hoop-skirts*
That two in a pew will quite fill?

We boast of our freedom, and yet we are slaves
To *Pride*, and to *Dress*, and to *Fashion!*
These tyrants pursue us quite down to our graves,
And never show any compassion.

My country! when of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
I sometimes think,
I often wonder where
This race for show and glare
Will end—of ruin are
We on the brink?

My native town, beware!
These "little foxes" are
The ones that bite!
Don't let "those women folks"
Away your *sense* all coax,
And then boast of the hoax
For very spite!

Let *taxes* swell the breeze,
And rob you of your ease,
By constant clatter!
Till pride and follies cease
Your burdens must increase,
And so disturb your peace.
"*That's* what's the matter!"

Shades of our Fathers! when
You trod the earth as men,
Did *you* act thus?
No! in your early days,
The *Rices*, *Brighams*, *Fays*
Went not these crooked ways
Pursued by us!

Simple, and brave, and strong,
They jogged their course along,
Content with life.
While we for greed, and gain,
And place, and fine domain,
And honors high, maintain
A constant strife!

But I forget my theme,
And for the Past may seem
To slight the Present.
We should not, like Lot's wife,
Hanker for former life,
When days with joy were rife,
However pleasant.

Yet why should I take up your time or my own
To describe what you all may behold?
You can see for yourselves, that, of this little town,
The half never yet has been told.

With its ponds and its streamlets, its hills and its dales,
Its forests and beautiful groves,
Its roads and its bridges, its meadows and vales,
No scene more agreeable proves.

But not more diverse in each natural gift
Than in the pursuits here for gain;
No one branch of business brings quite all the thrift,
And when "dull" makes the poeple complain.

With just enough power by river and stream
For the mills which convenience demands,
It has little occasion to introduce *steam*,
To *get high* and then *blow up all hands*.

Your teams and your railroad, your stores and *hotel*,
Your shops, mills and factories busy,
Undoubtedly make all their *owners* "do well,"
But sometimes make visitors *dizzy!*

Your doctors have, doubtless, a high reputation,
Though nothing but "stuff" on their shelves;
Your preachers in learning may "beat all creation,"
But they always must *speak for themselves*.

Your lawyer,* whatever our forefathers thought,
"Still lives," though in rather poor *case*.
In only one *office* most lawyers are sought,
But he has *held all in the place!*

That your schools are quite good, will not be denied;
(For which you owe much to your preachers ;)
To see how it was so, I often have tried,
When they 've *turned out* so many good teachers!

Old Hickory once thought *any* bank quite amiss,
And, to stop one, he cut quite a prank ;
But who would have thought, in a village like this,
We should yet see a *National* Bank?

In some things this town may be found quite behind,
And often has *met with her match;*
But in one of her staple productions, I find—
In *combs*—she's quite up to the *scratch!*

In the Councils of State, she has done her full share,
As three Senators well may attest;
With a son in a Gubernatorial Chair,
And a *Candidate* never so blest.

But why need I go any further to show
What to all must self-evident be?
Though in age and in inches she may fall below,
Yet none are much smarter than she.

And now to future things we turn the welcome horoscope ;
Whatever things we there may learn, will come to pass, I hope.
The Future! what know we of that?—but little, I admit,
But guessing is a Yankee trait, and so we 'll *guess* a bit.

I *guess*, before *we* meet again to celebrate this day,
The most of those who meet here then will find us—"gone away!"
No doubt the town will somewhat change ere that time rolls around ;
And every thing would seem so strange if *we* should here be found.

I *guess* the time will sometime dawn when yonder graceful hill
Will all become one well-smoothed lawn, with pride our hearts to fill ;
And that the summit will be crowned with mansions worthy of it,
With such a paradise around, 't were hardly wrong to covet.

I *guess* the time will yet arrive—*I* may not live to see it—
Yet I do *hope* so long to live, but if not, then so be it—
When you will have a fine Town Hall—(I say not when, nor where,)—
One large enough to hold you all, and room enough to spare.

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* Samuel Clark, Esq., the gentleman to whom allusion is here made, besides having held the offices of Chairman of the Select-men, Assessor, Treasurer, School Committee, &c., was, for several years, a prominent member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and at one time the candidate of the "Free Soil Party" for the Speakership.

I *guess* a LIBRARY* will be found somewhere within the place,
That shall be FREE to all around, your pride, and not disgrace.
I *hope* that "good time coming," when we "better times" shall see—
When Peace and Love shall dwell with men--will dawn on you and me.

I hope our "reconstructed" land, though now with dangers rife,
United in one happy band, will then be free from strife.
I hope mere "policy," ere that, will yield to something higher,
And all our rulers, small and great, make RIGHT their chief desire.

* * * * * * *

The Future! what a deep suggestive word!
None fraught with mightier interests e'er is heard.
We know the Past, perhaps, and Present well,
But who can of his *future* course foretell?
This much we know—perhaps enough to know:
We must "do quickly" what we have to do.
"Strangers and pilgrims as our fathers were,"
"We have no long-continuing city here."
These pastors and their people, young and old,
Must soon be gathered to one common fold.
Life's first great duty is for Heaven to seek,
The only heirs of Earth will be the meek.
That duty done, we then may safely hope
With all the ills of life to bravely cope.
In social pleasures, or in duty's round,
Make life with glorious actions to abound,
Ready "to be, to do, and suffer" still
All that may be our Heavenly Father's will.

And of our Country's future, who can know?
May it to JUSTICE, FREEDOM, RIGHT be true!
Not merely "reconstructed" be, alone,
And for its former monstrous sins atone,
But may it quite "REGENERATED" be,
And from all forms of wrong be fully free;
Not an Asylum only, for the oppressed,
Where hunted victims find congenial rest;
But as a bright example for THE WORLD,
Till "EQUAL RIGHTS" be everywhere unfurled!

The world moves forward—PROGRESS is the word
That now on every hand is ever heard.
Fools may ignore it, foes may strive to stay,
With puny arm, its strong resistless sway,
But neither fools nor foes can stop the tide
On which all conquering TRUTH shall forward glide.

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* Hon. CYRUS GALE, it is said has generously offered to contribute $1000, towards the purchase of a Free Library, on condition that the town provide a suitable place for it in a new Town Hall. Will not his example be followed by other wealthy citizens or natives of the town.

Never did Revolutions backward go,
Nor let poor craven hearts their good undo.
ONWARD is now the watchword of the hour,
And Error quails before Truth's rising power.
Knowledge shall Ignorance and Wrong dethrone,
And meek Religion rule the world alone.

Then will be ushered in that GLORIOUS MORN
Of which the Prophets spoke, in ages gone!—
Of which the Angels sang at Jesus' birth:
"GOOD WILL TO MEN; FOREVER PEACE ON EARTH!"—
When this revolted planet shall return
To all her first allegiance, and shall learn
A SAVIOUR'S name to speak, and praises sing,
Till Heaven's broad arch with hallelujah's ring;
Jesus, whose right it is, on Earth shall reign,
And all the world repeat its loud AMEN!

ORIGIN OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

In order that the whole matter of the Celebration may be fully understood, especially in future years, we deem it necessary to present a brief account of its origin.

In the Summer of 1865, the citizens of Northborough began to consider the propriety of observing in some public manner the one hundredth anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town. As the date of the Act of Incorporation is January 24, 1766, it was conceded that it was inexpedient to have it occur on the very day of the anniversary, coming as it would in mid-Winter; but a very general desire was expressed that sometime during the Summer of 1866, such a celebration might be held as would secure a re-union of many of the present and former residents of the town. In accordance with that desire, the Select-men, in preparing the Warrant for the "November Meeting" of that year, inserted the following article:

"Art. 14. To see if the Town will take any measures for celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the Town."

At that Town Meeting, held November 7, 1865, it was "voted to choose a Committee of nine persons to make preparations for the Celebration." The following gentlemen were appointed the Committee, viz:

Rev. Dr. Allen,	A. W. Seaver,	Nathaniel Fisher,
Geo. C. Davis,	Warren T. Bush,	Eber Brewer,
S. W. Norcross,	Samuel Wood,	Geo. G. Valentine.

It was also "voted that the Committee report at the March Meeting, that the town may give further instructions and make such appropriations as may be necessary."

At the adjourned March Meeting, held March 19, 1866, the above-named Committee presented a report, in which they recommended that the celebration should take place on the 15th of August ensuing, and that a sum not exceeding $1200 be appropriated for that object. The report, after being amended by substituting June 13, 1866, as the time, and $500, as the sum to be expended, was adopted. At a subsequent town meeting, held April 2d, this appropriation was reconsidered, and, the subject of the celebration becoming involved with other questions of ex-

citing interest, on which there was much difference of opinion, it was "moved to pass over the article," thus leaving the whole matter to fall to the ground—not so much through any opposition or indifference to the *celebration*, as from the unfortunate circumstances above-mentioned.

The observance of this anniversary having generally been received as a foregone conclusion, and the previous action of the town having been circulated abroad and often referred to in letters to distant friends, it was a sore disappointment to many persons, both in town and out of it, to learn that the enterprise was abandoned; and the desire was often expressed that *some* kind of a celebration might yet be held. Accordingly, when the usual summer vacations in business brought travellers, visitors, and former residents to the place, these expressions culminated in the posting of an anonymous notice in the Post Office, to the following effect:

"The Citizens of this Town, and all others in favor of a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Incorporation of Northborough, are invited to meet at the Vestry of the Orthodox Church, at 8 o'clock, on Monday evening, July 30, 1866."

This notice was also given from the pulpits of the several churches in town, the pastors of which evinced the warmest sympathy with the movement. The appointed time arrived, and a few persons—perhaps twenty in all—assembled. Anson Rice, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and Rev. D. F. Lamson, Secretary. Although the prospect of success, judging from the number present, was not very flattering, the best of feeling prevailed, and a Committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Allen, Rev. Geo. E. Sanborne and Rev. D. F. Lamson, was appointed to propose a plan for a Celebration. The meeting adjourned to meet at the same place on Thursday evening, August 2d, at which time the Committee reported in favor of August 22, 1866, as the day to be observed, and recommended the appointment of the following Committees, viz: A Committee to select an Orator and a Poet, a Committee to solicit Contributions, another on the Collation, another on Invitations, another on Music, and a general Committee of Arrangements. The meeting adjourned to Saturday evening, August 4th, when the following Committees were appointed:

To select Orator and Poet—Rev. D. F. Lamson, Dr. J. J. Johnson and J. H. McIntyre.

On Solicitations—Hon. Milo Hildreth, Cyrus Gale, Jr., T. C. Woodward, John Stone, Joseph T. Fay.

On Invitations—Samuel Clark, Esq., G. H. Williams, A. W. Seaver, F. D. Bartlett, George G. Valentine.

On Music—Anson Rice, Samuel J. Rice, Levi Stratton, Elijah Eddy, Jonas Bigelow.

On Collation—John F. Newton, C. Gale, Jr., J. B. Crawford, Levi S. Thurston, E. W. Norcross, Mrs. G. C. Davis, Mrs. D. F. Lamson, Mrs. G. G. Valentine, Mrs. H. S. Fiske, Mrs. C. Gale, Mrs. S. Gibson, Mrs. S. Clark, Mrs. W. Bush, Mrs Jno. Rice, Mrs. C. Gale, Jr., Miss Mary P. Brigham.

On Arrangements—Warren T. Bush, Milo Hildreth, Richard W. Newton, William Maynard, John Glazier, Eber Brewer, George Barnes, Samuel Wood, Jr., George L. Chesbro.

George C. Davis, Esq. was appointed *President of the Day*, and the following old citizens, Vice Presidents:—Hon. Cyrus Gale, Samuel Wood, Jeremiah Hunt, Holloway Bailey, Nathaniel Brigham, Lewis Fay, William Seaver, Jonathan Bartlett, Horace S. Fiske, Nathaniel Fisher, Wilder Bush.

Major Walter Gale was appointed *Chief Marshal*, and Lieut. Asa B. Fay, Horace L. Peverly, F. E. Lovejoy, Nathaniel Randlett and Henry Kinney, *Assistant Marshals.*

Capt. Anson Rice was appointed *Toast Master*, and Samuel I. Rice, Dr. Henry A. Jewett, Henry G. Colburn, William A. Bartlett, Tyler Harrington, John Johnson and Gilbert Heath were appointed to superintend the procession of the Children of the Town.

At a subsequent meeting, Hon. Cyrus Gale was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Invitations, in place of Samuel Clark, Esq., who declined to serve, and Hon. Milo Hildreth Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, in place of W. T. Bush, Esq., who also declined. Messrs. Abraham M. Brigham and Tyler Harrington were also added to the Committee on the Collation.

The preliminary arrangements having been perfected, the following letter of invitation was printed, and copies sent to all the natives and former residents of the town, whose address could be ascertained:

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Northborough, Mass., Aug. 7, 1866.

Dear Sir:—The Citizens of this place propose to hold a Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of the Town, on Wednesday, August 22, 1866.

The Procession will be formed at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and the exercises will commence at 11 o'clock, in the First Congregational Church, when an Address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Allen, of this town, and a Poem by T. W. Valentine, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a native of the town.

After the services in the Church, a free Collation will be furnished in a large tent by the citizens and ladies of the town, after which speeches, toasts, &c., will be given, and the afternoon spent in a social and agreeable manner. The *Shrewsbury Band* has been engaged, and the exercises in the Church and at the Collation will be interspersed with appropriate Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Geo. C. Davis, Esq., will officiate as President of the Day; assisted by Hon. Cyrus Gale, Samuel Wood, Jeremiah Hunt, Holloway Bailey, Nathaniel Brigham, Lewis Fay, William Seaver, Jonathan Bartlett, Horace S. Fiske, and Nathaniel Fisher, Esquires, as Vice Presidents. Major Walter Gale has been appointed Chief Marshal, and Hon. Milo Hildreth, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

It is hoped that, on this occasion, there will be a general Re-union of all the present and former residents and natives of the town now living, and a large gathering is confidently expected. You are cordially invited to be present.

In behalf of the Citizens of Northborough,

Cyrus Gale, Abraham W. Seaver,
George H. Williams, Franklin D. Bartlett,
George G. Valentine,
Committee of Invitation.

Having thus shown the *origin* of the celebration, we will let the papers of the day give their version of the event as it transpired.

(From the *Boston Journal*, Aug. 23, 1866.)

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT NORTHBORO'.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town.

PROCESSION, ADDRESS, POEM AND COLLATION.

The Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Northboro', in Worcester county, took place yesterday, and was largely attended. For some weeks previous preparations had been made by the enterprising and public-spirited citizens, and on the appointed day abundant accommodation and refreshments were provided for the hundreds who flocked to the scene of their nativity and early childhood to enjoy the celebration of this, the first centennial anniversary of its existence. Fortunately the weather was all that could be wished. Providence seemed to smile upon the occasion, for during the night a light rain had laid all the dust, and the day was cooled by a fresh breeze which blew steadily till evening.

Northboro' is a town of some sixteen hundred inhabitants on the Agricultural Branch of the Boston and Worcester Railroad. At the station there are three churches, one hotel, several stores and manufactories, principally of shoes, combs and shell work. In this latter branch the people excel, and many of the New York dealers depend on this town for their supply of goods.

At sunrise yesterday morning the inhabitants were notified of the approaching festivities by a salute fired from Mount Assabet, a hill some two or three hundred feet high, near the station; and when the morning trains arrived from

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

Boston and other places, they brought a goodly number of passengers, besides bands and fire companies, which soon filled the streets, while the number who turned out from the adjacent towns in their private conveyances was not inconsiderable. As Northboro' is one of the five towns which once comprised Marlboro', Northboro', Southboro', Westboro' and Hudson, all these towns were invited to participate in the celebration, and they sent their liberal contributions and quotas to honor the event.

THE PROCESSION.

About ten o'clock the procession commenced forming at the Evangelical Congregational Church, under the direction of George C. Davis, Esq., President of the day, and Major Walter Gale, Chief Marshal, in the following order: Music; Escort by the Fire Department; President and Vice Presidents of the day; Orator and Poet; Invited Guests; Town Officers; Citizens of the Town; Northboro' Cadets; Good Templars; Children, etc. The procession marched to the First Congregational Church, where a large tent had been erected, and seats beneath it had been prepared for upward of twelve hundred persons, and in an adjoining tent accommodations had been made for many more. Inside the tent, on the platform, were seats for the speakers selected for the occasion, the choir selected from the village churches, which were carefully drilled for the occasion, the Shrewsbury and Westboro' bands of music, besides a large number of invited guests, whose age and public life entitled them to consideration. The speaker's desk was appropriately decorated with elegant bouquets.

THE EXERCISES.

At a few minutes after eleven the exercises commenced, and after a voluntary by the bands, Mr. George C. Davis, President of the day, arose and made a few remarks, in which he congratulated the audience on their meeting at this the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

The choir then sang the anthem, "Wake the Song of Jubilee."

The invocation of the Divine Blessing was then pronounced by Rev. H. L. Myrick, and reading of the Scriptures by Rev. D. F. Lamson. Then followed the singing of a hymn, "Come Thou Almighty King."

While this exercise was going on a little incident occurred which was not laid down in the programme, and might have led to serious results. The wind blowing rather freshly just at this time, one of the poles which held up the centre of the tent suddenly snapped, causing a little alarm among the audience, but fortunately it was repaired by splicing and delayed the exercises only about half an hour.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Geo. E. Sanborne, followed by a hymn from the choir.

THE ORATION.

Rev. Dr. Allen, who had been the pastor of the First Congregational Church for upward of fifty years, and had ministered to nearly two generations of his parishoners, then delivered the address.

[Here follows a report of the Address.]

In conclusion he congratulated all who had come to visit the old homestead, on the arrival of this long-expected day, and now that the town had entered upon

the second century of its corporate existence, the termination of which none of the audience would live to witness, he prayed that it might find the same prosperous and virtuous community.

A hymn was then sung by the choir: "O, Lord, our fathers oft have told." Then followed a poem by Thos. W. Valentine of Brooklyn, N. Y., a native of Northboro'. His production was replete with good sense, wit and interesting reminiscences of the past, and was unanimously pronounced a good thing.

The regular exercises were closed by singing an original hymn, written for the occasion by Jairus Lincoln, Esq., and the Doxology.

THE COLLATION.

Then followed next in order the collation, which did great credit to the Committee of Arrangements. To provide a suitable collation for an audience of 2500 guests is no easy matter, but it was done to the perfect satisfaction of all present, and the order and system with which all the arrangements were carried out showed their good taste.

THE REGULAR TOASTS.

The first regular toast—"The day we celebrate"—was responded to by the Band.

The second—"The town of Northboro', a healthy town: She enters upon the second century of her career progressive and hopeful"—was responded to by Hon. Isaac Davis of Worcester, who stated that he felt exceedingly gratified to meet his friends on this occasion. The history of towns was but the history of the Commonwealth, the history of the country. Regarding the higher elements which make a town, Northboro' stands in the front rank. The county of Worcester—as large as the State of Rhode Island or Delaware—out of fifty-eight Governors which this State has had, has furnished six, and Northboro' came in for one-sixth of this honor; and for the number of Senators for the State Senate it also stands in the front rank. In looking at national affairs it is seen that she has furnished two Senators for the United States Senate, and of the twelve Representatives in Congress from the county, Northboro' has sent two. In educational matters she occupies the same preeminence. In money raised for the education of children, she ranks the fifth town in the State; in children who attend school, the second in the county. In every department of professional life, her sons are found. Her ministers preach in twenty-five States of the Union, besides Europe and Asia. Her sons have adorned the legal profession, and in many of the Western States they are found. He stated that his grandfather was once chosen a delegate to the General Court, with instructions to vote for exterminating the lawyers; and what has been the result? Twelve of his descendants have been lawyers—more than all his constituents produced. He appealed to those who should live here the coming century to imitate the virtue, perseverance and industry of those who have preceded them. In the future, as in the past, Northboro' will show a brilliant record.

In response to the toast, "Our free schools and teachers," Mr. Thomas W. Valentine made some very happy remarks, and alluded to "Old Father Greenleaf," the well known teacher, who used to say that he had educated a good many Congressmen, several who had been in the State Prison, five who had been hung and several more who ought to be. The speaker had no such record as that. He

stated that all the success which had attended his efforts as teacher he owed to the orator, Dr. Allen.

Wm. S. Davis, Esq., made an eloquent address, in response to the toast: "The memory of Isaac Davis, the father of a family whose name is legion."

A response was also made by Wm. Seaver, one of the old scholmasters, who made some interesting remarks on the state of education in former days. He stated that he once taught school in Quincy and became acquainted with John Adams, who often spoke on the duty of teachers, and especially of parents, to take an interest in the education of their children, and remarked that education, liberty and independence were inseparable.

Responses were also made by Capt. John C. Wyman of Troy, N. Y., Rev. Mr. Mayo of Cincinnati, Ohio, Rev. Joseph H. Allen, and Major Walter Gale. The latter spoke in response to a toast, "To the memory of those who had enlisted from Northboro' and those who had fallen in the war." Major Gale made some sincere and eloquent remarks on this topic, stating that in his regiment the Northboro' men were always found at their post and bore an honorable record. On this topic a more worthy person than Major Gale could not have been found to respond, for he enlisted early in the war, and during a service of four years, in all the campaigns in Virginia, saw and participated in every battle in which his regiment—the 15th Massachusetts—was engaged.

Thus closed one of the most interesting exercises which the County of Worcester has witnessed for many a day. It was a complete success, without any accident to mar the pleasure of the guests. At sundown as the train left for Boston, another salute was fired from Mount Assabet, and the festivities of the day were supplemented by a ball at the Assabet House.

[From the *Boston Herald*, August 23, 1866.]

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT NORTHBOROUGH.

The usually quiet town of Northborough presented a scene of excitement yesterday, the occasion being the Centennial celebration of the incorporation of the town. Northborough is situated about thirty-five miles west of Boston, on the Agricultural Branch of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and is located in one of the most beautiful portions of the State, through which the river Assabet flows, nourishing the soil in its course, and affording power to many factories and mills. Two hundred years ago a paper, signed by thirteen persons, was presented to the General Court, petitioning for a tract of land eight miles square for the purpose of establishing a plantation, the lands of the petitioners being inadequate to their increasing wants. The petition was granted, with the proviso that if within three years the plantation did not number twenty families the plantation would be confiscated, and Thomas Danforth was appointed to lay out the bounds of the place.

The plantation flourished, and emigration from the neighboring settlements gradually increased its population until 1746, when the first church was established under the pastorship of Rev. John Martyn. The place, however, did not not attain the dignity of a town until 1766, when it was incorporated as such. The town is noted for the longevity of its inhabitants, many of whom have lived to a good old age, and at present there are fifty persons in the

town whose ages are over three score years and ten. The town is also noted for its interest in public schools, and in matters relating to education generally, and has furnished many teachers to different cities and towns throughout New England. Northborough bore an honorable part in the Revolution, as it also did in the late war, having furnished, out of a population of 1600 inhabitants, 139 men for the armies of the Union, 21 of whom died in defence of their country. The town at present boasts of three churches. A new town hall is soon to be built, in which a public town library will be established.

As before stated, this centennial celebration of the incorporation of the town occurred yesterday, and many of the old towns-people from abroad, as well as many inhabitants from the different villages and towns in the immediate vicinity were present to witness and take part in the exercises.

The observance of the day was commenced in the morning, when a salute was fired from the summit of Mount Assabet. At 10½ o'clock a procession was formed at the Evangelical Congregational Church, under the supervision of Major Walter Gale, and marched to the First Congregational Church in the following order :—

Chief Marshal, Major Walter Gale.

Westboro' Band.

Assabet Hook and Ladder Company of Northborough, 35 members, in uniform, Henry Kenny, Foreman.

Union Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 of Marlborough, 40 men in uniform, Frank Marshal, Foreman.

Inhabitants of the Town and Invited Guests, numbering about 1000.

Shrewsbury Band.

Northborough Cadets.

Assabet Lodge of Good Templars, numbering 100, under the marshalship of Milo Hildreth, Esq., with a banner bearing the inscription "Union," "Raise the Fallen."

Spring Hill Lodge of Good Templars of Marlborough, 50 in number, C. M. Howe, Marshal.

Children of the town, numbering about 300.

Upon the arrival of the procession outside the church, the different societies and citizens generally passed into a large tent, which had been erected for the occasion, where the exercises were held.

After a voluntary by the band, the assemblage was called to order by George C. Davis, Esq., President of the Day, and the anthem "Wake the Song of Jubilee," was then sung. An invocation, reading of the Scriptures, prayer and singing, followed, after which an historical address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Allen. The orator gave an elaborate history of the town from its first settlement until the present day, and was listened to with deep attention throughout. Another hymn was then sung, after which an original poem was read by Thomas W. Valentine, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., which was very humerous and interesting. The regular services were closed with a benediction.

A bountiful collation was then partaken of in the tent, and when the gustatory exercises were concluded, order was again called by Mr. Davis, who introduced as toastmaster Anson Rice, Esq.

The first regular toast, "The Day We Celebrate," was responded to by the band. The second toast, "The Town of Northborough," drew a brief but eloquent response from Hon. Isaac Davis of Worcester. "Our Free Schools" was responded to by Thomas W. Valentine, Esq. "The Memory of Isaac Davis," by William S. Davis, Esq. "The Sturdy Yeomanry," by John C. Wyman, and other toasts by different gentlemen.

A motion to adjourn the meeting for one hundred years was then adopted, and the citizens generally retired to their homes. The arrangements for the celebration were in charge of a Committee, of which Hon. Milo Hildreth was Chairman, and under their management it proved a complete success.

[From the *Worcester Gazette.*]

CENTENNIAL.

THE CELEBRATION AT NORTHBOROUGH.

Such an event as occurred yesterday comes but once in a lifetime to the inhabitants of a town, viz: its Centennial Celebration, and the denizens of the quiet little borough of Northborough determined to celebrate the day with appropriate exercises. Those who had been absent for a long period from their old home, now returned, and very cordial and affecting were the greetings of old friends which we witnessed. "They came from East, West, North, and South, and sat down together," and many were the old scenes reviewed, and past events recalled, as the company assembled in the homes of their childhood, with their friends of school-boy days. A salute was fired from Mt. Assabet at sunrise, which awoke every one to the unwonted enjoyments of the day. The early trains brought persons from the neighboring towns, and many came with teams, so that by 9 A. M., the town wore a very lively look. The Assabet House was gaily decorated, and the streets through which the procession was to pass were crowded with flags.

At 10 A. M., the ringing of the church bells and the booming of cannon announced the time for the procession to form, which took place from the Evangelical Congregational Church. * * * * * *

It was estimated that at least 1600 persons were in the procession. The route lay past the Baptist Church, the procession extending the entire length of Main street. The different organizations represented presented a fine appearance, as they filed past. The tent was intended to accommodate about 800 persons, but there were nearly 2000 people in and around the tent, for every place within hearing was occupied. The meeting was called to order by the President, Geo. C. Davis, Esq., who welcomed the assembled people in a few appropriate words to this centennial gathering. * * * * * *

A vote of thanks was then given to the Orator and Poet of the day, after which Capt. Cyrus Gale moved that "this meeting adjourn till 100 years from this day at 11 o'clock in the morning," which was carried, and the meeting declared adjourned. The years will roll on one by one into the lap of Time, and all of that vast assembly will have passed across the crystal tide, and when another century has gone doubtless there will be another such meeting and as

civilization stops not for us weary mortals, it will probably be on a more magnificent occasion, but we will wager a no better time than was enjoyed yesterday at the Northborough Centennial.

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[From the *Massachusetts Spy*, Worcester, August 23, 1866.]

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY AT NORTHBORO'.

Historical Address of Rev. Dr. Allen.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

The citizens of Northboro', native and adopted, with a large number of sons and daughters who have wandered from the old homesteads, united yesterday in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation as an independent municipality. The records and traditions of settlement extend backward over two hundred years—first as a part of the town of Marlboro', afterwards as a parish in the town of Westboro'. But its name and seperate municipal history date from the 21th of January, 1766. The day appointed for the celebration proved every way delightful, and it is scarcely extravagant to say that thousands of descendants of the old Northboro' families shared in its centennial festivities.

The exercises began at sunrise, when a salute was fired from the top of Mt. Assabet. The citizens and invited guests assembled at ten o'clock in front of the Evangelical Congregational Church, where a procession was formed under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Major Walter Gale,—subsequently joined by the Northboro' Cadets, the Independent Order of Good Templars, and the Children of the town. The Fire Department furnished the escort, and the music was supplied by the Shrewsbury and Westboro' bands. The procession was conducted to the spacious tent erected at the side of the First Congregational Church, on the spot where the original meeting-house stood.

* * * * * *

The President of the day opened the exercises with an appropriate address, extending the congratulations of the day to the citizens and invited guests. He congratulated them on the time-honored event they had met to celebrate, and in behalf of his fellow-townsmen welcomed their friends and guests to the hospitalities of the old homestead. The good old borough, he said, with the dignity and grace of a century upon her countenance, greets you all with the smile of this pleasant day, and with arms of a hundred years extended to embrace you, yet still warm with the quick blood of youth. Her sweet and fragrant breath fills the air with a thousand welcomes to you all, and gentle benedictions fall from her lips saying welcome, ever welcome! All honor to the virtues of the past for the good of the future. Welcome to the future, that she may hand down to her succeeding century the virtues she may inherit of the past.

[Then follows a full report, substantially the same as that of the other papers, and concluding as follows :]

Thanks to the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Hildreth and his associates, and to the civility of all who were in any way responsible for the good ordering of the celebration, every part of it was entirely successful, and will be long remembered by those who were permitted to share its enjoyments.

[From the *Clinton Courant*.]

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

NORTHBOROUGH, AUGUST 22, 1866.

The sons and daughters of the town of Northborough, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town on Wednesday last. Although the skies gave promise of rain in the early morning, the clouds broke away about 8 o'clock, and the day proved to be one of the best for the long anticipated centennial exercises. At an early hour, carriages came into the village from the neighboring towns, heavily laden with returning members of the Northborough family. At sunrise and at 10 o'clock, salutes were fired from Mt. Assabet, and at the latter hour, a procession was formed by Major Gale, Chief Marshal, in front of the Orthodox church. The procession was preceded by the Westborough Cornet Band, who rendered good and acceptable service, and the Union Hook and Ladder Company of Marlborough; then followed the citizens in procession, followed in turn by the Good Templars and the Children of the town, escorted by the Shrewsbury Band. The Engine Companies of the town also had a place in the line.

The procession moved round by the Baptist church, through Main street, to a tent just west of the Unitarian church, and in length, was nearly a fourth of a mile.

At 11 o'clock the large company, nearly, if not quite 3000 in number, were called to order by George C. Davis, Esq., President of the day, who congratulated the audience on the arrival of the day, and welcomed all to the hospitalities of the old homestead.

A voluntary was given by the Band and the Choirs of the various churches, under the charge of Mr. Elijah Eddy, gave the anthem: "Wake the Song of Jubilee."

The Invocation by Rev. H. L. Myrick of Northborough, was followed by reading extracts from the Psalms, by Rev. D. F. Lanson, pastor of the Baptist Church.

A hymn, "Come thou Almighty King," was then sung to "Italian Hymn." During the singing of this hymn, owing to the wind, one of the poles which supported the canvass, snapped and nearly broke. It was a narrow escape from an accident, as, if the staff had given way, its fall must have wounded, and very probably fatally so, some of the audience. Its repair delayed proceedings nearly a half hour.

The exercises were resumed by prayer by Rev. Geo. E. Sanborne of the Orthodox church. A hymn was then sung to "Missionary Chant," when Rev. Dr. Joseph Allen of Northboro' was introduced as the orator of the day.

[Here follows an abstract of the Address.]

The address was delivered in the usual clear and distinct voice of the speaker, and was attentively listened to by the large assembly. A hymn was then sung to the old tune of "Northfield," when Thomas W. Valentine, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was announced as the poet of the day. His poem abounded in witty passages and telling points, and was keenly relished by his hearers. It was one of the best productions, of its kind, to which we ever listened, and we regret that its

length and our limits prevent its insertion. He discussed "Past, Present, and Future," in an original and eloquent manner. After music by the Band, a hymn was sung to "America," and the exercises closed with the Doxology: "From all that dwell below the skies."

A bountiful collation was then served by the aid of the Fire Department of the town. The arrangements for this part of the entertainment were complete, for which the company are indebted to the labors of the general Committee of Arrangements: Hon. Milo Hildreth, Chairman.

After devoting an hour to the wants of the physical man, the assembly was again called to order, and Capt. Anson Rice introduced as Toast Master for the occasion.

The following toasts were given and responses made:

1. The day we celebrate, that gave Northborough the right to take her place among the sisterhood of towns: May her sons never forget her birthday, nor fail to celebrate it in a rational and appropriate manner.

Response by the band.

2. The Town of Northborough: Hitherto of slow but healthy growth, she enters on her second century, progressive and hopeful.

Hon. Isaac Davis of Worcester, in response, commenced his remarks by moving that Dr. Allen be requested to finish the History of Northborough for the first century, which vote being put by the chairman, was unanimously adopted. Mr. Davis resumed by saying that he spoke under embarrassment, the orator and poet having advanced all his ideas, and also in fear of the dangerous "reporters," whose compassion and mercy he invoked. He said that Northborough had furnished the only Worcester County historian, a Governor of the State, a United States Senator, and two Representatives in Congress. After speaking at length of the influence of the town, he closed with a sentiment "to those who shall occupy Northborough in the coming century."

3. Our three Churches: However much they differ in creeds and forms, may they be one in the essential grace of charity.

Response by the band.

4. Our Free Schools, and the Teachers they have nourished and sent forth: They are represented here to-day by a schoolmaster and a poet.

T. W. Valentine, Esq., the poet of the day, responded, saying that Sam Weller remarked that "his wallentine was a good one, but there was not enough of it." As to whether that was the case with *all* the Valentines, he asked his audience to judge.

In allusion to his life as a teacher, he said he humbly trusted he had left his "mark" upon the *minds* of the twenty thousand pupils that had been under his charge, and attributed his success to the Northboro' district schools—closing with a tribute of respect to Dr. Allen.

5. The memory of Nahum Fay, a veteran teacher for forty years—for forty years a magistrate and town clerk.

The band responded.

6. The memory of Isaac Davis, Esq., for many years a respected citizen of this town—the father of a family whose name is legion, and which is represented here to-day by those who can speak for themselves.

Wm. S. Davis, Esq., of Worcester, responded, who remarked that whatever opinion the world might have of the *quality* of the Davis family, there could be no doubt as to their quantity. The first Davis "who came over" had eleven sons, and the name seems to have increased by a geometrical ratio of "eleven" to this day, until the whole is *leavened.* The Davis family have dug gold in California, traversed the Rocky Mountains, galloped over the boundless pampas of South America—they have preached the gospel, practised law and administered physic—they have given to Massachusetts a politician, who, because he differed in politics from the rest of the Davises, and lacked the *votes*, never was chosen governor of the State, while the entire Davis vote could, at any time, have elected him.

Mr. Davis concluded a capital speech with the sentiment,—Our absent brethren: Northboro' glories in their prosperity, and bids them God speed.

7. Our aged fellow-citizens, the septuagenarians and octogenarians: May their number never be less, and may their last days be lighted up by a hope full of immortality.

Response by Wm. Seaver, Esq., of Northboro', one of the old schoolmasters, who related some incidents of olden times and of early school days.

8. Our young men, and our young women coming upon the stage at this eventful era: May they be faithful to their trust, and while they imitate the virtues, may they avoid the mistakes of those who have gone before them.

Mr. Edwin S. Seaver of Boston responded, by giving the following sentiment: The Fathers and Mothers of the good old town of Northboro': We, the children, thank you for the cordial hospitality with which you have greeted us to-day.

9. The sturdy Yeomanry of Massachusetts: Strong to do and dare, sound in morals and incorruptible in their patriotism: They form the backbone of the Commonwealth.

Capt. John C. Wyman, of Troy, N. Y., responded, saying he had a most profound respect for the yeomanry of Massachusetts, but an utter abhorrence of their toil and hard work. That was too much for him, and he had seen full enough of it. He was rejoiced in heart that he had come to Northboro' to-day rather than one hundred years ago. He referred in an eloquent manner to the improvements of the century, and his remarks were well received.

10. The little country towns: the universities which educate the strong men and good women who are the glory of our great Republic.

Rev. A. D. Mayo of Cincinnati responded in a happy manner, and told some humorous facts relative to the history and exploits of the "Preserved Smith Family," during the speaker's Western experience and travels.

The choir then sung a "Centennial song," composed for the occasion by E. A. H. Allen, Esq.

11. The Orator of the Day: identified for half a century with the history of the town, and permitted in a green old age to witness its growing prosperity. May he long be spared to us to enjoy the esteem and friendship of his fellow-citizens.

Rev. Dr. Allen gracefully acknowledged the compliment conveyed, and the band also responded.

12. At the centennial celebration of the organization of the first church in 1846, twenty years ago, the following sentiment was given, volunteered by one of our citizens : " Our next centennial : May it dawn upon a world without a slave." Another responded : "And may that centennial be the town's centennial in 1866." Let us thank God and take courage in respect to this country, that the work has been fulfilled.

Rev. Jos. H. Allen, of Cambridge, responded.

13. The 139 young men, who, at their country's call, enlisted in the service, of whom twenty-one sacrificed their lives : Peace to the memory of those who fell, and honor and prosperity to those who survive.

Response by Maj. Walter Gale, who, in behalf of the soldiers, returned thanks to the town of Northboro' for words of cheer and deeds of sympathy during the war, and gave the sentiment : Old Northboro', God bless her !

On motion of Maj. Gale, the thanks of the audience were returned to the Orator and Poet of the day.

On motion of Hon. Cyrus Gale, it was voted to adjourn for *one hundred years*, at 11 o'clock A. M.

The company then slowly dispersed to their several homes, remote and near ; on foot, by carriage, coach and car.

The Fire Department subsequently paraded through the streets, escorted by the band, after which this long-looked-for, long-to-be-remembered "Centennial" ended, every thing having passed off in a highly satisfactory manner.

Reporters for the *Boston Post*, the *Marlborough Mirror*, and the *Hudson Pioneer* were also present, and gave full and excellent reports in their papers, but we deem the foregoing sufficient to give a clear idea of what was said and done on this occasion. It now only remains for us to give what was *not* said, from a want of time, with some of the unpublished sentiments prepared for this event. Among these were the following :

The Free Schools of Massachusetts : the pride and glory of the State. We know what they *have* accomplished, and hope even more from them in the future.—[Rev. B. G. Northrup, agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education, was to have responded, but, at that moment, he was lost in the crowd.]

Marlborough and all the *borough* towns : we welcome here to-day representatives of the Grandmother and all her Daughters.

The Clergy : now, as in the days of our Fathers, the zealous friends of Liberty and Law.—[Rev. S. S. Ashley would have responded to this, had the time allowed.]

The Schools of Northborough : for many years in advance of those of neighboring towns, and at present emerging from a state of temporary

decline. May they continue to be nurseries of true learning, humanity and social order among us.

The Northborough Cadets: in rapidity of movement and promptness of action unsurpassed. By their coolness and efficiency on the field to-day, they show that they are always prepared to give the *invaders* of the town a warm reception.

The Northborough Dairies: we recognize in them the *cream* of the State.

The Ball Brothers, who, more than one hundred years ago, located themselves on the hill which bears their name, from one of whom sprang a line of physicians which extended nearly through the century: though most of their living descendents have found homes elsewhere, we welcome some of them this day to their ancestral home.—[Hon. George S. Ball of Upton was expected to respond, but was unavoidably absent.]

Deacon Jonathan Livermore, the first deacon of the church, and the first clerk of the district, as well as the oldest person that has lived in the town: we are glad to number among our guests to-day a descendent of the fourth generation.—[As a response to the above sentiment, we give the following letter from Rev. A. A. Livermore, D. D., President of the Theological School, at Meadville, Pa., who is a great-grandson of Deacon Livermore:]

YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1866.

DEAR DR. ALLEN: I have received the kind words of your invitation to be present on the 22d at your Centennial Celebration in Northborough, accompanied by the printed circular of your Committee.

I regret exceedingly that I cannot accept your proffered kindness, and speak a good word for my ancestor, Deac. JONATHAN LIVERMORE, the first Town Clerk of Northborough. But we have had a brief and charming visit to the old places —the dear, familiar haunts—the venerable, lovely homes of New England, and are now on our winding way, after this pleasant furlough from arduous duties, back to our Western home in the Great Valley, and cannot therefore sing "Auld Lang Syne" with you and the sons and daughters of Northborough at their beautiful re-union.

But may the three Bs—*blessing* and *beauty* and *bliss*—unite with the three Gs—*grace* and *goodness* and *gratitude*, and lend enchantment and enjoyment to the scenes and proceedings of the occasion. If not present with you in body I shall hover about you in spirit, as I doubt not will also a shining band of the bright immortal ones, who once dwelt with you in the flesh.

"They come on the wings of the morning, they come."

And as respects that venerable and beloved ancestor of mine, I should be glad to speak of him, and relate some of the household traditions and anecdotes which have come down as an heir-loom in the family. Mr. Sawyer, of Bolton,

told me that he remembered, when a boy about eight years old, seeing Deacon L., then one hundred years of age, at the funeral of a friend in Bolton, to which he had ridden on horseback.

It is also related that, when over one hundred, he attended a military muster, and, when about to ride over the lines, was challenged by the guard. But the Colonel of the Regiment, coming up, gave him leave to go on, saying that a man one hundred years old ought be allowed to go where he pleased.

But I presume that you in Northborough know twenty times as much as I do about this ancient man. I hope, however, that you know nothing to his discredit, unless it be, that the old gentleman, feeling rather lonely (like David in *his* old age,) took unto himself an Irish help-meet, who is reputed to have been rather refractory under ecclesiastical discipline, and to have led him a life of discomfort.

But rumor is not unlikely in this, as in other matters, to have performed that geological miracle of turning mole-hills into mountains.

A good old Puritan, stalwart in body, manifold in years and experience—an officer in both Church and State, ready to do his part, bringing up his family "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—peace to his memory!

With a little stretch of chronology, he might be said to have tasted of *three* centuries, the 17th, 18th and 19th, a remarkable space of time. Few have lived through so long and eventful a period of the world's grand march of improvement.

In conclusion: To the memory of Deac. Jonathan Livermore, first Town Clerk of Northborough: if his successors and his posterity do not live as long, may they live as well!

With thanks, respectfully and affectionately,

A. A. LIVERMORE.

Our revered and honored ancestors of a hundred years ago: pure-minded, patriotic and self-sacrificing; may their descendants inherit largely of these their virtues.

The Ladies of Northborough: we prize their presence and their bright smiles to-day as the pleasantest feature of the occasion. Their own works praise them in the gates.

Dr. Henry G. Davis, of New York, sent a letter excusing his absence, and closing with the following sentiment:

Northborough: the parent of a hundred years. May her children honor her to the latest generation.

Charles Rice, Esq., of Boston, sent a long and interesting letter, giving something of the genealogy of the Rice family, mentioning several remarkable instances of their longevity, and closing with the following sentiment:

The Departed Dead: may we ever keep their virtues in sweet remembrance, and drop the mantle of charity and forgiveness over all their imperfections.

An extended and most valuable letter, giving many interesting reminiscences of his early life in Northborough, was received from the venerable Sylvanus B. Pond, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, (formerly of the well-known house of Firth, Pond & Co., Music Publishers, New York,) giving his absence from home and business engagements as reasons for his not being present on this occasion.

Rev. William A. Houghton of Berlin, formerly pastor of the Evangelical Congregational Church in this town; Rev. William A. Mandell, of Cambridge, whose early life was spent here; Henry Gassett, Esq., of Dorchester, (a son of the founder of the "Gassett Fund,") and many other gentlemen from abroad, would have spoken but for a want of time. The same reason may be given for not calling upon the representatives of the other 'Borough towns; but at the *next* Centennial, we hope all will have time to be heard.

The following original hymn and song were written for the occasion; the former by Jairus Lincoln, Esq., of this town, and the latter by Prof. Edward A. H. Allen, of New Bedford, a son of Dr. Allen:

ORIGINAL HYMN. "*America.*"

'Mid fear and deadly strife
Our fathers perilled life
Here to find rest.
Their friends and homes they flee:
They brave a stormy sea,
That they might here be free,
And here be blest.

Years pass: this fearless band,
O'er this wild, dreary land,
Long here did roam:
They moved these forests wide,
With foes on every side;
No friendly hand to guide;
No home—sweet home.

Dark forests disappeared:
Voices here soon were heard
In prayer and praise:
Here, too, this noble band
In this a foreign land,
United hand in hand—
An altar raised.

Long years have passed away :—
We, in God's house to-day,
Our voices raise :
O God, our land defend :
Let bitter strife now end :
This holy hour we 'll spend
In prayer and praise.

Guard us from every ill :
Guide us, thy people, still
As in days past.
Direct us on our way :
Be thou our cloud by day—
Give right triumphant sway
While time shall last.

CENTENNIAL SONG. TUNE—"*Bonnie Doon.*"

One hundred years around have rolled,
Of seed-time and of harvest-home,
Of summer heat and winter cold,
A second century has come.
So now, each one a welcome guest,
Fair Northboro's children gather here,
From North and South, from East and West,
To celebrate this hundredth year.

Our fathers did their part right well ;
They ploughed the land, they sowed the seed ;
The Harvest—let the present tell
Of good or ill, in word or deed.
Our soldier brothers, true and brave :
We welcome home from toil and strife,
Who fought thro' four long years, to save
In righteous peace our nation's life.

But some fell on the battle-field,
The hero-martyrs of the town :
They with their blood the charter sealed
Of Liberty, the nation's crown.
Yet will we sing a joyful song
In notes that to high heaven shall rise ;
And pray that God will make us strong
To emulate their sacrifice.

Although the notice given of this Centennial was a very brief one, the attendance of the natives and former residents of the town from abroad was all that could be expected, and much more. Persons were present from more than one hundred towns in this State, as well as from New

Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and perhaps some other States.

For the information of others, who may hereafter get up celebrations of this kind, we will state that the amount raised by voluntary subscriptions for this occasion was $665.50, thus exceeding the appropriation of the *town* by $165.50. In addition to the bountiful supply of cake, pies, &c., furnished by the ladies of the town (for nearly every family in the place sent in its full quota of provisions,) the Committee of Arrangements provided 314 pounds of ham, 100 pounds of tongue, 225 large loaves of bread, 100 gallons of excellent coffee, and other things in proportion. And all this, too, when the hospitality of nearly every family in town was severely tried by private visitors at their homes. Never, after this, should the people of Northborough be called inhospitable!

Thus passed one of the pleasantest occasions which it was ever our good fortune to attend. To the venerable Dr. Allen, especially, the Orator of the Day, now in the seventy-seventh year of his age, (and the semi-centennial anniversary of whose ordination will occur on the 30th prox.,) it must have been a day of unmixed pleasure, in witnessing the return of so many hundreds who have always regarded him with the utmost respect. And the scores of returning wanderers, too, found it a day of unalloyed pleasure, not merely because the fatted calf was killed, but because it gave them an opportunity for the renewal of many early acquaintances, and for the interchange of all those civilities and relations which render life agreeable and delightful. May many such occasions return, if not to us, to those who shall come after us, till time shall be no more!

STATISTICS OF NORTHBOROUGH.

The following items, taken from the Returns of the Assessors for the year 1865, will interest at least former residents, and will be found convenient for reference :

Number of cotton mills	1
Number of spindles	2,000
Quantity of cotton cons'd,	lbs. 600,000
Value of stock used	$45,000
No. yds brown sheetings made,	300,000
Value of same	$62,000
Capital invested	$20,000
Males employed	15
Females employed	21
Shell-work factory	1
Stock used	$1,750
Value of articles manufactured.	$8,500
Hands employed	5
Soap factory	1
Value of stock	$500
Barrels of soap made	200
Value of same	$1,200
Number of blacksmiths	2
Value of work	$2,500
Number of comb factories	2
Dozens of combs made	27,510
Value of same	$33,500
Hands employed	25
Number of grist-mills	7
Bushels of grain ground	14,100
Value of same	$21,150
Tannery	1
Hides tanned	2,000
Value of same	$16,000
Hands employed	4
Pairs of boots made	130
Pairs of shoes made	70,410
Value of boots and shoes made	$67,900
Hands employed	52
Box factory	1
Value of boxes made	$5,000
Ice establishment	1
Tons of ice	400
Value	$327
Saw-mills	6
Feet of lumber sawed	458,000
Value	$10,000
Laths and clapboards	200,000
Value	$690
Cords of firewood sent to market	1,245
Value of same	$5,547
Number of farms	144
Acres of land	10,488
Value of same, with buildings	$598,000
Acres improved	6,973
Hands employed	175
Acres of woodland	1,503
Value	$70,080
Acres of Indian corn	263
Bushels raised	9,116
Value	$15,963
Acres wheat	2¾
Bushels raised	28
Value	$84
Acres Rye	40
Bushels raised	576
Value	$1,152
Acres barley	4½
Bushels raised	108
Value	$189
Acres Buckwheat	3
Bushels raised	20
Value	$30
Acres oats	94
Bushels raised	2,279
Value	$2,280
Acres potatoes	103
Bushels raised	11,039
Value	$6,234

Acres turnips	16¼
Bushels raised	1,700
Value	$400
Acres cranberries	½
Bushels raised	15
Value	$60
Acres English mowing	1,675
Tons English hay	1,882
Value	$56,460
Number of apple-trees	10,882
Value of apples	$4,930
Pear trees	888
Value of pears	$470
Number of sheep	95
Value	$653
Horses	205
Value	$18,360
Oxen and steers	153
Value	$7,620
Cows and heifers	688
Value	$22,755
Gallons milk sold	134,031
Pounds butter sold	9,919
Value of butter	$3,967
Pounds of cheese	345
Value	$48
Pounds dressed beef	163,783
Value	$18,769
Pounds of dressed pork	64,585
Value	$10,979
Pounds of dressed veal	19,200
Value	$1,929
Number of swine	118
Value	$1,981
Value poultry sold	$732
Value eggs sold	$583
Pounds honey	205
Value	$81

Population of the town, 1865	1,623
Valuation, 1866	$1,067,000
Number ratable polls, 1866	396
Number legal voters	311
Number families	339
Number houses	273
Number naturalized voters	7
Number paupers	5
Number insane persons	2
Number blind persons	1

The following is a List of the heaviest Tax-Payers in this Town, with the tax of each for the present year (1866):

Cyrus Gale	$1,214 93	D. F. Wood	$ 161 39
Wilder Bush	626 20	A. W. Seaver	158 61
George C. Davis	371 48	S. W. Norcross	147 78
Rev. J. H. Allen	298 10	J. H. McIntire	137 69
Caleb T. Chapin	262 94	Jonathan Bartlett	133 92
Nathaniel Fisher	260 50	Lewis Fay	133 34
Abraham Fay	230 11	Nathaniel Brigham	125 72
F. D. Bartlett	186 33	F. G. & R. H. Winsor	124 58
Henry Barnes	166 98	Estate of Alpheus Adams	109 00

The rate for 1866 is $1.20 for each $100.

List of Persons in Northborough who paid an Annual Excise Tax of $20.00 and upwards, including Incomes in May, 1866:

[Kindly furnished by Anson Rice, Esq., U. S. Assessor.]

Allen, Rev. J. H.	$ 77 70	Hildreth, Milo.	$124 50
Barnes, Henry	40 00	Jewett, H. A.	22 00
Bartlett, Jonathan	90 32	Lovejoy, Amos	100 70
Bigelow, Sidney	23 20	McIntire, J. H.	147 50
Bundy, G. W.	55 00	Miles, S. J.	21 45
Bush, Wilder	239 00	Moore, L. L.	26 00
Chapin, C. T.	392 00	Northboro' National Bank	230 00
Clark, Samuel	34 93	Rice, Anson	23 15
Dabol, E. P.	25 00	Rice, John	102 95
Davis, George C.	60 60	Rice, Curtis	25 00
Fay, Lewis	29 95	Rice, C. A.	23 00
Fisher, Nathaniel	69 65	Seaver, A. W.	84 45
Fiske, H. S.	38 85	Stone, John & Co.	56 00
Gale, Cyrus	393 40	Stone, Lyman	33 75
Gale, Mrs. Cyrus	33 35	Walker, J. B.	20 90
Gale, Cyrus, Jr.	29 85	Wood, D. F.	90 95
Gale, Walter	20 00	Wood, Samuel, Jr.	87 95

The following Persons paid a Monthly Tax on Manufactures for the year ending August 1, 1866, in addition to the foregoing, as follows, viz:

Wilder Bush & Co.	$ 528 30	Hildreth, Lovejoy & Co.	$2,026 50
Chapin, C. T.	3,983 28	McIntire, J. H.	4,804 26
Cook, C. C. & Bros., 9 mos.	592 24	Wood, D. F., for 3 mos	251 64
Davis, George C.	1,292 46		

TOWN OFFICERS, 1866.

Town Clerk—John B. Crawford.

Select-men—George G. Valentine, George Barnes, Denna Rice, Nathaniel Randlett, Samuel Wood, Jr.

Assessors—George Barnes, Samuel I. Rice, Walter Gale.

Overseers of the Poor—George H. Williams, Denna Eager, Joseph T. Fay.

Treasurer and Collector—Samuel Clark.

Constables—Henry E. Maynard, George T. Lewis.

Pound-Keeper—Samuel Gibson.

School Committee—Rev. Joseph Allen, D. D., John H. McIntire, William A. Bartlett, 2d, John B. Parker, Franklin Bigelow, Judson Day, Tyler Harrington, Rev. D. F. Lamson, Dr. Henry A. Jewett.

Highway Surveyors—Seth Flagg, Elijah Bemis, Benjamin Currier, Edward Norcross, Tyler Harrington, F. D. Bartlett, Charles H. Fayerweather, Denna Rice, John Perry, Warren E. Moore, Leonard Barnes, Curtis Rice.

Field Drivers—Lyman Maynard, S. M. Fiske, T. C. Woodward, George L. Smith, D. W. Maynard, Asa Gage.

Surveyors of Lumber—S. E. Hodgkins, William A. Bartlett, 2d, Joseph Ball, David F. Wood.

Fence Viewers—George C. Davis, Warren T. Bush, Samuel I. Rice.

Superintendent of School-Houses—Tyler Harrington.

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